

HOME SONGS

FOR



LITTLE PEOPLE

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HOME SONGS

FOR

arranged and
selected by *James Miller*
Little People.



ILLUSTRATED.

NEW YORK:

JAMES MILLER, PUBLISHER,

779 BROADWAY.



1877
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1877

BY JAMES MILLER.

15-18369

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HOME SONGS

FOR

LITTLE PEOPLE.

MOTHER AND FATHER.



MY mother, I would be
Kind and gentle unto
thee ;
Never may I wound that
breast
Which fed and pillowed
me to rest.

Father, I would be to you
Always faithful, kind, and true;
And would honor and would love
My parents next to God above.

THE DARLING LITTLE GIRL.



HO'S the darling little girl
Everybody loves to see?
She it is whose sunny face
Is as sweet as sweet can
be.

Who's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to hear?
She it is whose pleasant voice
Falls like music on the ear.

Who's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to know?
She it is whose acts and thoughts
All are pure as whitest snow.



THE BABY.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle
and spin?

Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and
high?

A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm
white rose?

Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of
bliss?

Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spake, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling
things?

From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

And how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of *you*, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

13





THE OWL.

THE Owl he hath an earnest look,
He studieth much I fear ;
For he never leaveth his hollow tree
Till the dark night draws near.

In darkest night he opes his eyes,
But nought by day can see ;
So all the birds, tho' they know him wise,
Dislike his company.



CHERRIES ARE RIPE.

CHERRIES are ripe,
Cherries are ripe,
O give the baby one;
Cherries are ripe,
Cherries are ripe,
But baby shall have none:

Babies are too young to choose,
Cherries are too sour to use ;
 But by and by
 Made in a pie,
No one will them refuse.

Up in the tree
Robin I see,
Picking one by one ;
 Shaking his bill,
 Getting his fill.
Down his throat they run ;
Robins want no cherry pie ;
Quick they eat, and off they fly ;
 My little child,
 Patient and mild,
Surely will not cry.

HASTINGS' "Nursery Songs."

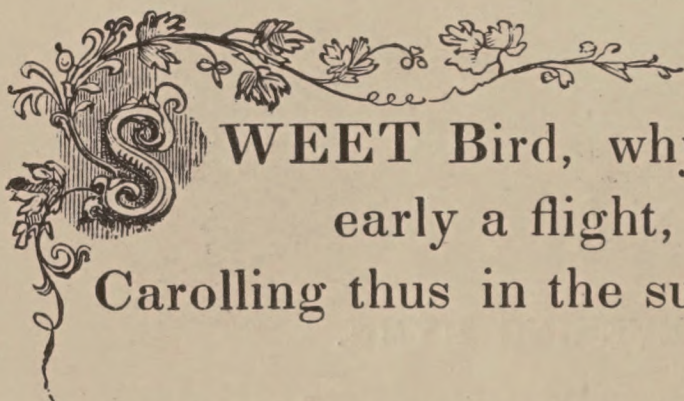


EVENING HYMN.

AT the close of every day,
Lord, to thee I kneel and pray,
Look upon thy little child;
Look in love and mercy mild.
Oh, forgive and wash away
All my naughtiness this day;
And, both when I sleep and wake,
Bless me for my Saviour's sake.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE BIRD

LITTLE GIRL.



WEET Bird, why take you so
early a flight,
Carolling thus in the sun's first light ?

BIRD.

“ I sing God's praise for life renew'd,
And thus I show my gratitude.
Always has this sweet taste been mine ;
Is it not, little Girl, also thine ?”

And ever so loud in the air sang he,
And ever so glad on the earth went she ;

His wing was strong, her heart was light,
In the lovely morn with its sun so bright :
And God in heaven deign'd to bless
Their offering of thankfulness.



CHILD AND MOTHER.



LOVE thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again!
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck
in vain.

Love thy mother, little one!

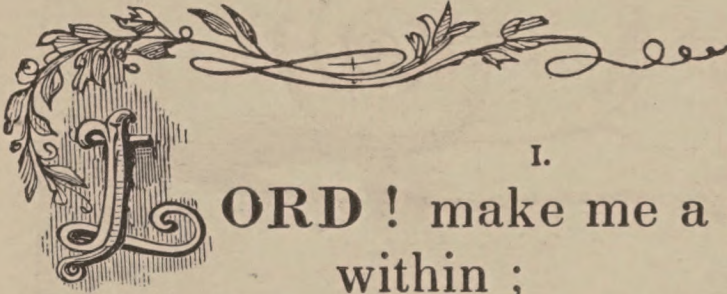
Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee!
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips, the while they glow
With love that they have often told!
Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips, the while they
glow!

THOMAS HOOD.



A PRAYER FOR A PURE HEART.



I.

LORD ! make me a clean heart
within ;

Close my soul's door 'gainst every sin ;
Drive all things evil from my breast,
Let no ill spirit in me rest.

II.

To Thee my gate I open wide,
O come, and with me, Lord, abide !
All wickedness far from me chase,
And make my heart Thy dwelling-place.

III.

And grant me, Lord, through faith, to see
The bliss of heaven prepared for me ;
That I forever may be Thine,
Hear, gracious God, this prayer of mine !



WHAT A CHILD HAS.

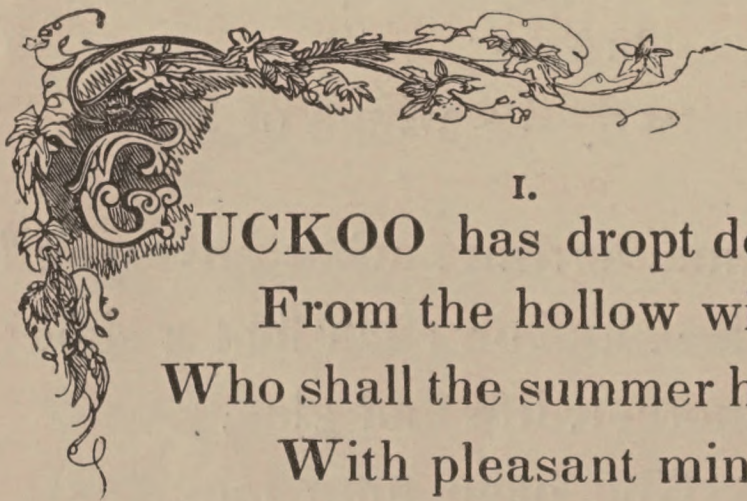


THE Snail, see, has a house :
A fur coat has the Mouse :
The Sparrow has its feathers
brown ;
The Butterfly its wings of down.

Now tell me, darling, what have you ?
“ I have clothes, and on each foot a shoe ;
Father and mother, life and glee,
So good has God been unto me.”



THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE.



I.
CUCKOO has dropt down dead,
From the hollow willow tree ;
Who shall the summer hours beguile
With pleasant minstrelsy ?

II.

To the slender twig in the thicket green,
 Dame Nightingale shall come ;
And merrily will she hop and sing,
 When other birds are dumb.



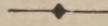
A BOY'S DUTY.



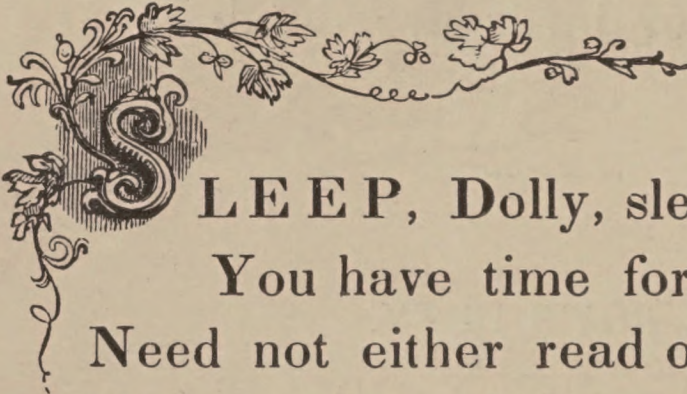
ALL good boys must every day
What their teacher says obey,
Pray and sing, and read and
 write—

These make heart and spirit light ;
And, with the grace of God, each can
Thus become a worthy man.

THE DOLL'S CRADLE SONG.



I.



SLEEP, Dolly, sleep,
You have time for a nap,
Need not either read or write,
May remain both day and night
In your night gown and your cap.

II.

That you may have a quiet sleep,
I'll sing to you about Bo-peep ;
And then I'll tell you of Goosey-gander,
Who with Wiggle-waggle loves to wander



THE COW.

THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank
Growing on the weedy bank,
But the yellow cowslips eat;
They will make it very sweet.

THE BOY AND THE BIRD'S NEST.



HE boy climb'd up in the tree
so high—

Who could go higher ? In truth
not I.

Bravely he strides
Over branch and bough ;
Softly he slides
To the bird's nest now.

“ I have it ! Ha ! ”
The bough breaks—ah !
He tumbles down
And cracks his crown.



KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

I LIKE little pussy, her coat is so warm.
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no
harm;

So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her
away,

But pussy and I very gently will play :
She shall sit by my side, and I'll give
her some food ;

And she'll love me, because I am gentle
and good.

I'll pat little pussy, and then she will
purr,

And thus show her thanks for my kind-
ness to her ;

I'll not pinch her ears, nor tread on her
paw,

Lest I should provoke her to use her
sharp claw ;

I never will vex her, nor make her dis-
pleased,

For pussy don't like to be worried and
teased.



EVENING PRAYERS.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
O hear, great God, the words I say :
Preserve, I pray, my parents dear,
In health and strength for many a year ;
And still, O Lord, to me impart
A gentle and a grateful heart,
That after my last sleep, I may
Awake to thy eternal day.

GOOD NIGHT.

I.



OW good night ! lay thy head
On its pillow of roses,
And sweet smelling posies,
And lie down in bed ;
If God pleases, with the day
Thou shalt rise again and play.

II

Now good night ! O'er thy sleep
Holy angels, filled with love,
Bringing visions from above,
Their calm watch shall keep ;
Thou shalt dream of joys divine,
Slumber sweetly, baby mine.



ROUND RING.

—◆—

RING, round ring,
The children sing.
Under the holly bush,
All cry out, Hush! hush! hush!

Hear our call,
Sit down all.

There sat in a ring a lady tall,
And round her seven children small.

What like they to eat ?

Fish so fine.

What to drink ? Neat

Currant wine.

Hear our call,

Sit down all.



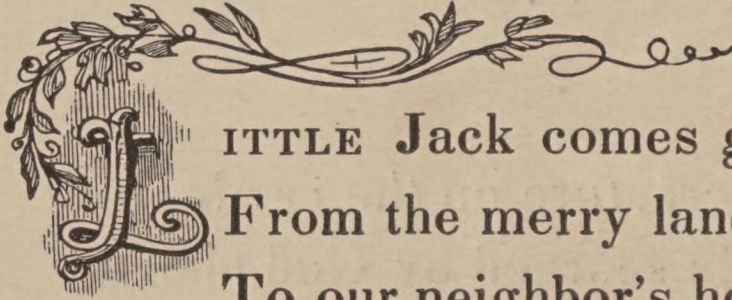
LAUS DEO.



O creature on the earth
Is scorned by God above,
All owe to Him their birth,
To all He shows His love.
Not man alone
His care doth own;
The bird sweetly singing,
The fish swiftly springing,
The honey-bee
The mouse so wee,
All in their own appointed ways,
Unite to hymn their Maker's praise.

FOR BOYS AT PLAY.

I.



LITTLE Jack comes gaily running
From the merry land of funning ;
To our neighbor's house retreats,
From the pot the honey eats ;
Leaves the spoon within it sticking,
Who will give the spoon a licking ?
Who, boys, who ?

II.

We a wager bold will lay,
Of three chains of gold so gay,
And of wine a measure small,
That it will be, of us all,
You, Jack, you.



MY MOTHER.

I MUST not tease my mother,
For she is very kind,
And everything she says to me
I must directly mind;
For when I was a baby,
And could not speak or walk,
She let me in her bosom sleep,
And taught me how to talk.

I must not tease my mother ;
And when she likes to read,
Or has the headache, I will step
Most silently indeed.

I will not choose a noisy play,
Nor trifling troubles tell,
But sit down quiet by her side,
And try to make her well.

I must not tease my mother ;
I've heard dear father say,
When I was in my cradle sick,
She nursed me night and day.
She lays me in my little bed,
She gives me clothes and food,
And I have nothing else to pay
But trying to be good.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURN Y.



I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.



REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day.
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!



THE BIRD'S FUNERAL.



ERE, in these rosy bowers,
 Sleep, little bird! We crave
 A spot beneath the flowers
 To dig thy early grave.

II.

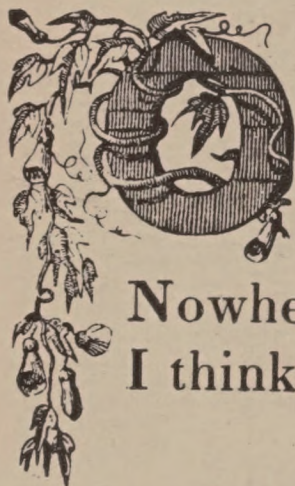
So charming was thy singing !
Thou wast to us so dear ;
Thy voice hath ceased its ringing,
And we are weeping here.

III.

Sweet June waked all her roses
Thy thrilling notes to hear ;
And now with mourning posies
We strew thy silent bier.



THE VIEW IN THE MILL.



NE—TWO—THREE—

Merry boys are we.
Clipper, clapper, peppercorn,
The miller's wife is all forlorn ;
Nowhere is she to be found,
I think she has vanished from off the
ground.

Look at the mill now, what do you see ?
The mice from the window peep at me ;
The stork is stirring the soup with a spoon ;
The cat is sweeping the floor with a broom ;
To carry the dust the rat is come ;
The dog sits up and beats the drum.

A little man sits the eaves beneath,
And nearly has laughed himself to death.

PHILIP, MY KING.



LOOK at me with thy large,
brown eyes,
Philip, my king!
For round thee the purple
shadow lies
Of babyhood's regal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With Love's invisible scepter laden;
I am thine Esther, to command
Till thou shalt find thy queen hand-
maiden,
Philip, my king!

Oh the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my king!
When those beautiful lips are suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,



“PHILIP, MY KING!”

Thou dost enter, love crowned, and there
Sittest all glorified!—rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair:
For we that love, ah! we love so
blindly,
Philip, my king.

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy
brow,
Philip, my king!
Aye, there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,
That may rise like a giant and make men
bow
As to one God-throned amidst his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren higher and
fairer,
Let me behold thee in coming years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet fairer,
Philip, my king!



KITTY IN THE BASKET.



HERE is my little basket
gone ? ”

Said Charlie boy one day ;

“ I guess some little boy or girl

Has taken it away.

“ And Kitty too, I can’t find her.

O dear, what shall I do ?

I wish I could my basket find,

And little Kitty too.

“I’ll go to mother’s room and look ;
Perhaps she may be there,
For Kitty loves to take a nap
In mother’s easy-chair.

“Oh, mother ! mother ! come and look !
See what a little heap !
My Kitty’s in the basket here,
All cuddled down to sleep.”

He took the basket carefully,
And brought it in a minute,
And showed it to his mother dear,
With little Kitty in it.

MRS. FOLLEN.





AND NOW I WILL TELL, YOUR ATTENTION TO JOG,
WHAT A LITTLE BOY SAID TO HIS LITTLE DOG.

BOY.

COME here, little Puppy, and cease
those cries,
"Tis time to begin your exercise.

PUPPY.

O, master. I am but a little Pup,
I can learn much better when I am grown

BOY.

No, Puppy, 'tis best to begin, d'ye see,
For the longer you wait, the harder 'twill be.

The puppy soon learnt. 'Twas a pleasant
sight,

To see him both sit and stand upright ;
Then into the water he learnt to spring,
And back to his master a stick to bring.

The little boy saw what the puppy could do
So he worked hard, and was clever too.



THE SEA.

THE sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round,

It plays with the clouds ; it mocks the
skies ;

Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea ! I'm on the sea,
I am where I would ever be ;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go ;
If a storm should come and awake the
deep,

What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

B. CORNWALL.

THE DISCOVERY.



WAY to the wild wood
Alone we went,
And nought to seek for
Was our intent.

We saw 'mid its shadows
A flower rare—
No star more gleaming,
No eye more fair.

We thought to pluck it,
Then softly it said,
“ Must I be broken
And withered ?”

Its roots far spreading
We raised with care,
And home we brought it,
That flower rare.

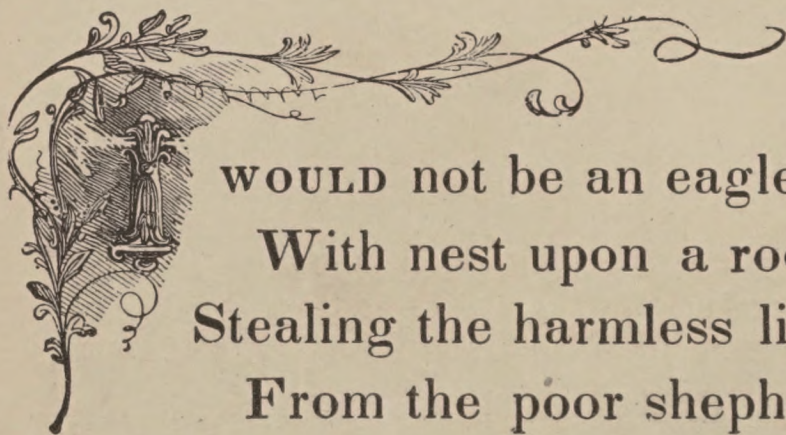
In our quiet garden
We found it room ;
Where now it groweth
In beauteous bloom.





"I would be a Lark, and mount from the daisy-spangled sod." P. 115

COME HERE, MY JESSIE ! TELL TO ME,
WHAT KIND OF BIRD YOU'D CHOOSE TO BE



WOULD not be an eagle fierce,
With nest upon a rock,
Stealing the harmless little lambs
From the poor shepherd's flock

I would not be a moping owl,
Snoozing in bed all day,
And pouncing on the mice at night,
When they come out to play.

No—I would be a lark, and mount
From the daisy-spangled sod,
With twinkling wings to Heaven's gate,
Singing the praise of God.



SUPPOSE.

SUPPOSE, my little lady,

Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose are red?

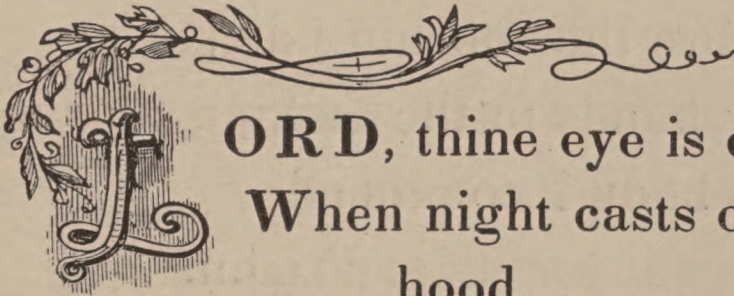
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To take it as a joke,
And say, you're glad 'twas Dolly's,
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?



AN EVENING PRAYER.

I.



ORD, thine eye is closed never,
When night casts o'er earth her
hood,

Thou remainest wakeful ever,
And art like the shepherd good,
Who, through every darksome hour,
Tends his flock with watchful power.

II.

Grant, O Lord, that we, thy sheep
May this night in safety sleep ;
And when we again awake,
Give us strength our cross to take,

And to order all our ways
To Thine honor and Thy praise.

III.

Or if Thou hast willed that I
Must before the morning die,
Into Thy hands to the end,
Soul and body I commend.

Amen.



COME HITHER AND LISTEN, I'LL TELL YOU A TALE
OF A HORSEMAN WHO RIDES OVER MOUNTAIN AND VALE,



I.

GALLANT steed, with a rider tall,
Halted beneath a castle wall ;
To the window did the lady come
And said, "my lord is not at home.

II.

" Here there is none to welcome you
Save me alone, with my children two."
The horseman cried from out the wood,
' Are your children gentle? Are they good?'

III.

The Lady said, with a heavy sigh,
" Ah, no such happiness have I !

My children follow evil ways,
And heed not what their mother says."

IV

Then spoke the horseman—frowning too—
' They shall their naughty conduct rue ;
' I may not with such children stay,
' Who their kind parents disobey.

V.

' Nor can I give them toys or rings,
' Nor make them glad with pretty things ;
' Such gifts I keep for children who
' Are good, and what they're bidden do.'

VI.

So spoke the horseman in his wrath,
And spurr'd his horse along the path ;
And the gallant steed with his rider tall
Passed far away from the castle wall.

THE STORK



THE STORK.

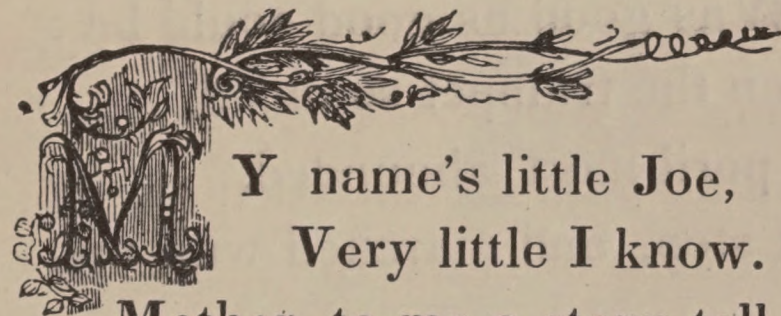


TORK, Stork, long legs,
What are you about ?
Stork, Stork, long beak,
With your forky snout.

Shall we hurt your feelings, pray,
Laughing at your stockings gay ?
There you are, among the rushes,
Watching sharp to catch the fishes.
Why last night did you not bring
A baby underneath your wing ?
If you had left it in the yard,
We had there kept watch and ward ;
If you had left it on the stair,
We had rocked its cradle there.

But since you have nothing brought,
Mind what you're about ;
Stork, Stork, long beak,
With your forky snout.

NOW, MY DEARS, I'D HAVE YOU KNOW,
WHAT WAS SAID BY LITTLE JOE.



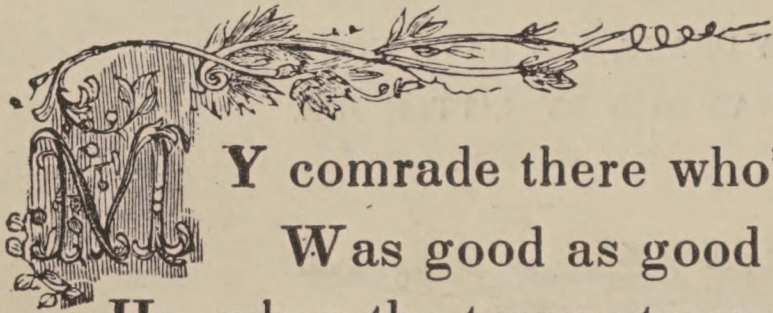
Y name's little Joe,
Very little I know.

Mother, to me a story tell,
And I will try to learn it well.
So when I'm asked another day,
I may then with courage say,—

“ My name's little Joe,
A fine story I know.”



THE DOG OF THE REGIMENT.



Y comrade there who's wounded,
Was good as good could be ;
He, when the trumpet sounded,
Where peril most abounded,
Kept step, and marched with me.

There came a bullet flying,—
Must he or I be slain ?
It struck him — there he's lying,
Close by my feet he's dying,
Upon the blood-stain'd plain.

Our lot that ball did sever ;
Henceforth, where'er I be,
My eye can see him never,
And so farewell forever,
My comrade brave, to thee.



LITTLE STAR.



WINKLE, twin-
kle, little star ;
How I wonder
what you are !
Up above the
world so high,
Like a diamond
in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.



In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep ;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.



LULLABY.

LULLABY, baby ! go to sleep ;
Eyes—O, how naughty, still to peep !

Lullaby, baby ! eyes shut tight ;
Little mouth open ; so good-night !

THOS. HOOD.



THE WAVES.

ROLL on, roll on, you restless waves,
That toss about and roar;
Why do you all run back again
When you have reached the shore?

Roll on, roll on, you noisy waves,
Roll higher up the strand;
How is it that you cannot pass
That line of yellow sand?

Make haste, or else the tide will turn ;
Make haste, you noisy sea ;
Roll quite across the bank, and then
Far on across the lea.

“We must not dare,” the waves reply :
“That line of yellow sand
Is laid along the shore to bound
The waters and the land ;

“And all should keep to time and
place,
And all should keep to rule,
Both waves upon the sandy shore,
And little boys at school.”





THE FISHERMEN.



FISHERMEN show their patience
good,
Afloat or on the strand,
Whether they sail on the clear
bright flood,
Or wade in the mud and sand.

Dripping they come from the running
brook,

The breeze their garments dries ;
'The sea tempts them—and their baited
hook

Tempts that which in it lies.

What's that ?—Hush !

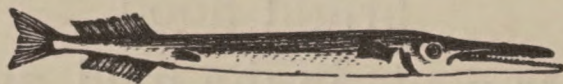
A hare in a bush ?

No, no. Well !

A snail in a shell ?

No—I guess

A silver fish. Yes.





A SPORTSMAN'S FUNNY TALE.

I.

IN a wood where beasts can talk,
I went out to take a walk.
A rabbit, sitting in a bush,
Peeped at me, and then cried, Hush!
Presently to me it ran,
And its story thus began:

II.

“ You have got a gun, I see ;
Perhaps you'll point it soon at me,
And when I am shot, alack !
Pop me in your little sack.
When upon my fate I think,
I grow faint, my spirits sink.”

III.

“ Pretty rabbit, do not eat
Gardener's greens nor Farmer's wheat.
If such thieving you begin,
You must pay it with your skin.
Honestly your living get,
And you may be happy yet.”



THE ROBIN IN WINTER.

THE little Robin grieves
When the snow is on the ground ;
For the trees have no leaves,
And no berries can be found.

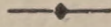
Little Robin, welcome here,
Welcome to my frugal cheer ;
Winter chills thy mossy bed,
Come then daily, and be fed.

Little Robin, fear no harm,
Dread not here the least alarm ;
All will share with you their bread,
Come then daily, and be fed.

Little Robin, let thy song
Now and then thy stay prolong ;
We will give thee food instead,
Come then daily, and be fed.



POOR GOOSEY.



I.



HEY diddle diddle,
What's that in the straw ?
Poor Goosey goes barefoot
with no shoes at a' ;
The cobbler has leather,
But no last that's meet,
To make for poor Goosey
Some shoes to her feet.

II.

Hey diddle diddle,
Let's kill Geosey dead ;
She lays me no eggs now, and nibbles my
bread.

We'll pluck off her feathers
And make a nice bed,
On which my dear Dolly
Shall lay down her head.

III.

Hey diddle diddle,
Some trouble 'twill take
To beg for a penny to buy me a cake
I'll sell my bed, and lie
Down in the night,
With no feathers to prick me,
And no fleas to bite.





THE FARM YARD.

I.

THE hen sometimes comes out and does
A noisy cackling make,
The housewife understands and goes
The new-laid eggs to take.

II

The cock, at early morn, the men,
Master, and maids, awakes ;
They turn and stretch themselves, and ther
Snooze on till daylight breaks.

III.

The bairns wake not—each little phiz
Is fast in slumber bound ;
They think, of all things, good sleep is
The best that can be found.

IV.

Let rest due strength and vigor bring,
Then be your tasks begun ;
There is a time for every thing
Beneath the glorious sun



MINDING BABY.

ROCK the cradle
Just a minute ;
Rock it gently,
Baby's in it.
If he's sleeping,
Do not wake him ;
If he rouses,
Nurse will take him.

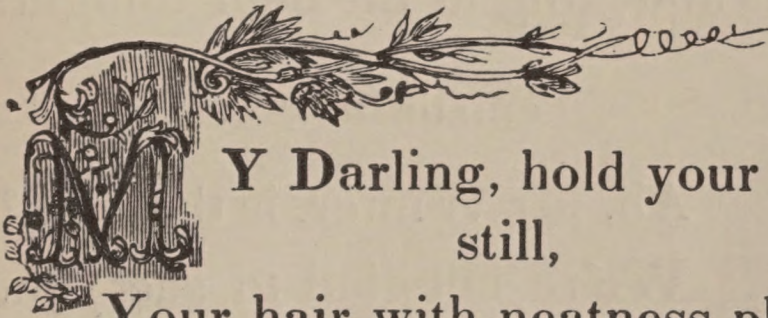
Sing him now
Some little ditty,
Sweet and birdlike,
Low and pretty.
He will hear it,
In his slumbers,
And will feel
Its soothing numbers.

Sound and sounder
He'll be sleeping,
In the angels'
Holy keeping;
For they always,
Darling Carrie,
Near to infants
Watch and tarry.

DRESSING THE HAIR.



I.



Y Darling, hold your head quite
still,

Your hair with neatness plait I will ;
With ribbons red the bands I'll tie,
And violets blue, and rosemary.

II.

Stand still, my darling, like a lamb ;
The comb about to fix I am,
Then place the rosy wreath above,
And so you will be drest, my love.

WINTER AND THE CHILDREN.

OLD Winter, in his coat so white,
Is knocking at the door tonight.



CHILDREN.

Ah, Mr Winter, is that you?
We're not glad to see you,
but how d'ye do ?

We thought you a long
way off, you know ;
And here you are, all
covered with snow.

But since you are come, you may just as
well

What you have bro't for us children tell.



WINTER.

O, I have brought you some presents fine,
A Merry Christmas with cakes and wine.

Plenty of nice
Smooth slippery ice,
Now you may slide,
And make snowballs beside,
And soon you can
Make up a snow man.



THE COURIER.

A HAPPY life doth the courier lead,
Riding all day on a gallant
steed.



His spurs are the bright-
est that can be worn,
And merrily rings his
lusty horn.

And hill and valley echo back
The noise of his long whip's sounding
crack.

O if a courier I might be,
I'd gallop away right merrily ;
Hurra ! hurra ! hurra !

THE ROCKING HORSE.



I.



HA, ha, he !

My fine pony see !

With his rider rearing, prancing,

Not a single step advancing.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, he !

My fine pony see.

II

Skip, jump, hop !

Stop, my pony, stop !

Ere again so gaily spring we,

We a feed of corn will bring thee.

Skip, and jump, and hop,

Stop, my pony, stop.

III.

Well-a-day !

Pony eats no hay ;

We will buy some oats or borrow,
Then he'll trot right well to morrow

O dear ! well-a-day !

Pony eats no hay.



NOW HEAR BEHIND THE ARM CHAIR'S BACK,
A SERMON PREACHED BY LITTLE JACK.



SWORD and a gun,
The sermon's begun ;
A cow and a calf,
You now have heard half ;
A cock and hen dead,
The sermon is said.

Now go home, good people all,
And hold a feast both great and small.

Have you ought ?

Now eat it.

Have you nought ?

Forget it.

If you have plenty, be not greedy,
But share it with the poor and needy ,
If you have little, take good care
To give the little birds a share.



PETER AND HIS GOATS.

I.



HE clock has struck, the school
is up,
The boys and girls run home to
sup,
Slate, books and pens in hand ;
“ I am not in such haste as they,
My supper will not run away,”
Says lazy Peter Bland.

II.

And slowly, slowly home he flits,
And with his bread and honey sits
Down near the garden gate ;

He hears his poor goats' plaintive cry,
"Aha ! you're hungry—so am I,
And you, my friends, must wait."

III.

He eats his supper at his ease ;
Some fruit too would his palate please
If he knew how to take it ;
But ah ! it drops not 'twixt his teeth,
And 'twere hard work to stand beneath
The apple-tree and shake it.

IV.

At length the goats' complaining call
Disturbs his rest, and to their stall
Right slowly strolls the lout ;
"Ah, lazy beasts, you sought fresh food,
You should have seized it while you could,
Now you must go without."

v.

So says he—and so said, so done,
He harnesses in turn each one,
 The black goat and the white ;
The wagon's in the court hard by,
He yokes the hungry beasts, who try
 The very trees to bite.

vi.

“ See what a wagoner I be !”
He cries, and urging rapidly
 His weary beasts, they pass
Out through the gate, across the fields
To where the spacious meadow yields
 Its store of new mown grass.



THE DARLING LITTLE GIRL.



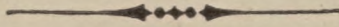
HO'S the darling little
girl

Everybody loves to see?
She it is whose sunny face
Is as sweet as sweet
can be.

Who's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to hear?
She it is whose pleasant voice
Falls like music on the ear.

Who's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to know?

She it is whose acts and thoughts
All are pure as whitest snow.



BOOTS.

“WHAT would you like
For a present, my boy?
A nice pair of boots,
Or a fine little toy?”

“A nice pair of boots
I should much like the best,
And then I can run
In the snow with the rest.”





THE MOON.

WHO am I that
shine so bright,
With my pretty
yellow light,

Peeping through your curtains gray?
Tell me, little girl, I pray.

When the sun is gone, I rise
In the clear and silent skies ;
And a cloud or two doth skim
Round about my silver rim.

All the little stars do seem
Hidden by my brighter beam ;
And among them I do ride,
Like a queen in all her pride.

Then the reaper goes along
Singing forth a merry song,
While I light the shaking leaves
And the yellow harvest sheaves.





LITTLE BIRD ! LITTLE BIRD !

“LITTLE bird ! little bird ! come to me :
Here is a green cage hung on the tree ;
Beauty-bright flowers I'll bring to you,
And fresh ripe cherries, all wet with
dew.”

“Thanks, little maiden, for all thy care,
But .I dearly love the free broad air ;
And my snug little nest in the old oak
tree

Is better than golden cage for me.”

“Little bird ! little bird ! where wilt
thou go

When the fields are all buried in snow ?
The ice will cover your old oak-tree ;
You had better come and stay with me.”

“Nay, little maiden ; away I’ll fly
To greener fields and a warmer sky ;
When spring returns with pattering rain,
You will hear my merry song again.”

THE FOX AND THE GOOSE.

FOX.

MRS. Goose, it is such pleasant weather,
We ought to take a walk together.



GOOSE.

Mr. Fox, I prefer to remain at home.
Just now 'twas so fine I was tempted to
 roam ;
But since you've been standing near my
 door,
I don't think it so fine as it was before.

The weather was fine enough, 'twas true,
The sun was shining, the sky was blue ;

But the Goose, you must know, was a little afraid,
For she knew what tricks master Fox
had played ;
And had she consented with him to roam,
She would certainly never again see home.

NOW, MAIDENS, WE PRESS ON
YOUR NOTICE A LESSON.



THE finest cloth that man can sell,
Wears out when years are past,
The pitcher oft goes to the well,
But it is broke at last,—
And both alike this moral tell,
Virtue alone stands fast.

SIT DOWN ON THE TURF WITH ME,
OUR PET-LAMB'S WILD PRANKS TO SEE.

i.



THE lambkin in the pasture green,
Has wool as soft as silken sheen,
And round its neck a bright red
band ;
It eats crums from the children's hand.
Merrily, lambkin, play !

II.

Ma ! ma ! it cries for very joy ;
No one would dare its peace annoy,
Its innocence all hearts doth warm,
O let me stroke thy pretty form,
My little pet, I pray.

Jump ! see how high the lambkin springs !
 The bell upon its neck it rings ;
 That bell which on the bright red band
 Was fastened by Mamma's own hand.
 Jump high, my lambkin gay !





WHEN EVENING IS COME.

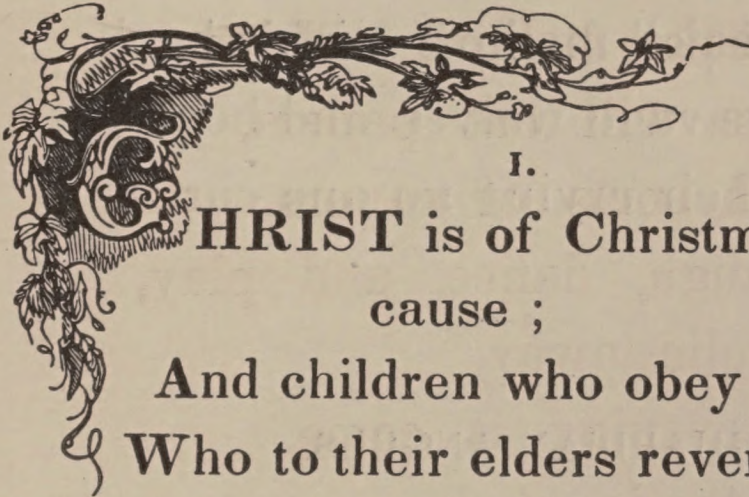
WHEN evening is come,
And father's at home,

Mother says that we may
Have a go-to-bed play.
A book he will bring us,
A song he will sing us,
A story he'll tell us,
He'll make believe sell us.
And we will cut papers,
And all sorts of capers,
And laugh, dance, and play,
And frolic away,
When evening is come,
And father's at home.

MRS. FALLEN.



CHRISTMAS GIFTS.



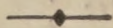
I.

CHRIST is of Christmas gifts the
cause ;
And children who obey his laws,
Who to their elders reverence bear,
Are neat and clean, and learn with care,
At early morn their warm beds leave,—
Such children will his gifts receive.

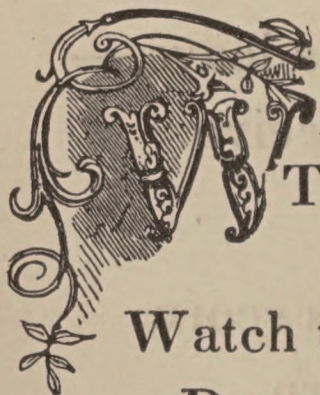
II.

But children who their parents scorn,
Who do not pray at early morn,
Who snarl and fight with one another,

With sister or with little brother,—
In short, all those who are not good,—
Shall all be carried to the wood,
Bundled together in a sack,
And tumbled pell mell off Nick's back,
Among the savage wolves and bears,
Where for their crying no one cares.



GUARDIAN ANGELS.



WHEN good children go to sleep,
Then wake up the stars so bright,
And the holy angels keep
Watch through all the livelong night
Down from heaven they descend,
All good children to befriend.



THE PEACOCK.

COME, come, mister peacock, you must
not be proud,
Although you can boast such a train ;

For many a bird far more highly endowed
Is not half so conceited and vain.

Let me tell you, gay bird, that a suit of
fine clothes

Is a sorry distinction at most,
And seldom much valued, excepting by
those

Who such graces only can boast.

The nightingale certainly wears a plain
coat,

But she cheers and delights with her
song ;

While you, though so vain, cannot utter
a note

To please by the use of your tongue.



SWING AWAY.

SWING away,
From the great cross-beam,
Hid in heaps of clover-hay,
Scented like a dream.

Higher yet!
Up between the eaves,
Where the gray doves cooing flit
Through the sungilt leaves.

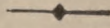
Here we go!
Whistle, merry wind!
'Tis a long day you must blow,
Lighter hearts to find.

Swing away!
Sweep the rough barn floor;
Looking through on Arcady
Framed in by the door!

One, two, three!
Quick! the round red sun,
Hid behind yon twisted tree,
Means to end the fun.

LUCY LARCOM.

THE ARCHER.



I.



BOW and **Arrow** bearing,
Over hill and dale,
Lo, the archer daring,
Bids the morning hail.

II.

As the eagle soaring
Seems a king to be,
To the wilds exploring,
Like a king goes he.

III.

He rules o'er the distance,
Where his arrows fly ;
Vain is all resistance,
Beast or bird must die.



THE PRESENT.

I.



HEAVEN bless my little Jessie !
I've been walking in the wood ;
For you I've found a bird, Jessie ;
It would leave me if it could.
Will you then accept a present ?
Take it, Jessie, kindly take !
It will ever sing a pleasant
Cheerful song for thy dear sake.

II.

With one favor may I task you ?

Yes—you'll grant it, I'll engage.

For the little bird I ask you

Just to buy a little cage.

And don't forget, now that 'tis caught, a

Little trough to hold its seed,

Another little trough for water,

And a happy life 'twill lead.





THE OLD KITCHEN CLOCK.

LISTEN to the kitchen clock :
To itself it seems to talk ;
From its place it cannot walk ;

“Tick-tock—tick-tock,”
This is what it says.

“I’m a very patient clock,
Never moved by hope or fear,
Though I’ve stood for many a year,
Tick-tock—tick-tock,”
This is what it says.

“I’m a very active clock,
For I go while you’re asleep,
Though you never take a peep :
Tick-tock—tick-tock,”
This is what it says.

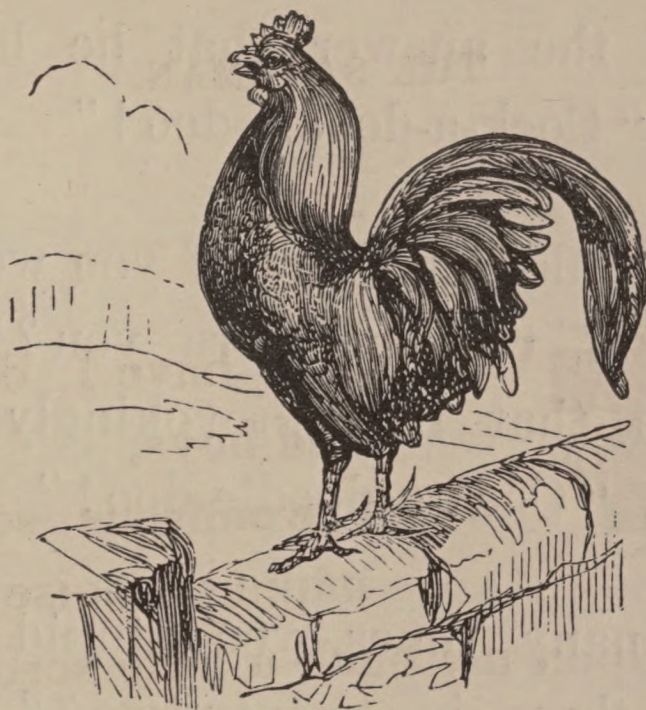
What a talkative old clock !
Let us see what it will do
When the pointer reaches two :
“Ding-ding—tick-tock,”
That is what it does.

THE SANDMAN.



WO boots have I, dear girls
and boys,
With wondrous soles that
make no noise ;
Upon my back a little scrip,
And hark, how softly I can trip !
But when I'm heard upon the stairs,
'Tis time for you to say your prayers.

I drop with care from out my hand
Into your eyes two grains of sand,
And then throughout the night you sleep,
And angels near their vigils keep.



COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO.

A LITTLE boy got out of bed,
'Twas only six o'clock ;
And out of window poked his head,
And spied a crowing cock.

The little boy said, "Mr. Bird,
Pray tell me who are you?"
And all the answer that he heard
Was, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"What would you think, if you were me,"
He said, "and I were you?"
But still that bird provokingly
Cried, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"How many times, you stupid head,
Goes three in twenty-two?"
That old bird winked one eye, and said,
Just, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

He slammed the window down again,
When up that old bird flew;
And, pecking at the window-pane,
Cried, "Cock-a-doodle-doodle-doodle-
32 doo!"

THE HEART A BELL.



I.



OUR heart is beating every day ;
If it could speak, what would it
say ?

The hours of night its pulses tell.
Have you, my child, consider'd well
What means this restless little heart,
That doth so well perform its part ?

II.

It is a little bell, whose tone
Is heard by you and God alone.
At your soul's door it hangs ; and there
His spirit stays with loving care,
And rings the bell, and deigns to wait,
To see if closed remains the gate.

He rings and waits. O then begin
At once your prayer, ' Lord, enter in !'

III.

So when its time on earth is past,
Your heart will beat no more at last ;
And when its latest pulse is o'er,
'Twill go and knock at Heaven's door,
And stand without and patient wait,
To see if Christ will ope the gate,
And say, " Here endless joys begin,
Here, faithful servant, enter in !
I was on earth thy cherished guest,
And now in Heaven I give thee rest,
Receive at length thy due reward,
Enjoy the blessings of thy Lord."

MATTIE'S WANTS AND WISHES.



E wants a piece of cal'co
To make my doll
dess ;

I doesn't want a big piece ;
A yard'll do, I guess.

I wish you'd fred my nee-
dle,

And find my fimble, too,—
I has such heaps o' sewin'
I don't know what to do.

My Hepsy tore her apron
A tum'lin down the stair,
And Cæsar's lost his pant'noons,
And needs annozer pair ;

I wants my Maud a bonnet,—
She hasn't none at all;
And Fred must have a jacket,—
His ozzer one's too small.

I wants to go to grandma's,—
You promised me I might;
I know she'd like to see me,—
I wants to go to-night.

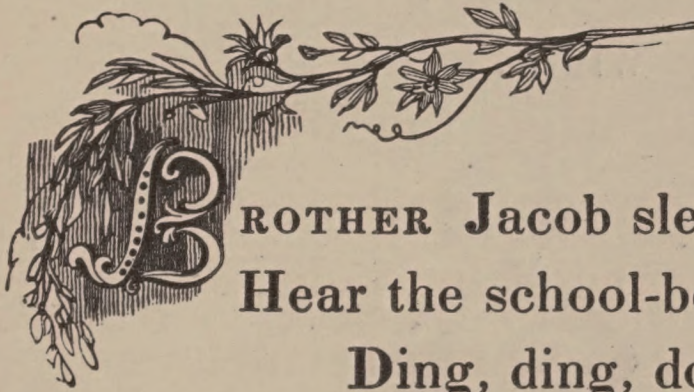
She lets me wipe the dishes,
And see in grandpa's watch;
I wish I'd free, four pennies,
To buy some butter-scotch.

I wish I had a p'ano,—
Won't you buy me one to keep?
O dear! I feels so tired,
I wants to go to sleep.

GRACE GORDON.

BROTHER JACOB.

L



BROTHER Jacob sleeping now ?
Hear the school-bell ringing ;
Ding, ding, dong !
Ding, ding, dong !
You're a lazy lout, I trow,
To your pillow clinging ;
Dullest ass
In the class.

II.

Sleep and make your cheeks more red,
All your thoughts bestowing
On see-saw,
Top and taw,
Dream of cakes and gingerbread
On the hedges growing.
So good night,
Lazy wight.





LOST ! THREE LITTLE ROBINS !

OH ! where is the boy, dressed in jacket
of gray,
Who climbed up a tree in the orchard
to-day,
And carried my three little birdies away ?

They hardly were dressed,
When he took from the nest
My three little robins, and left me bereft.

O wrens ! have you seen, in your travels
to-day,
A very small boy, dressed in jacket of
gray,
Who carried my three little robins away ?
He had light-colored hair,
And his feet were both bare.
Ah, me ! he was cruel and mean, I de-
clare.





ARTHUR'S ROCKING-HORSE.

DO, dear aunt, do come and see
What dear papa has bought for me!
Come, now come—'tis in the lobby:

I can ride it—I can guide it;
Papa says 'tis Arthur's hobby.

Ah, dear aunt, you well may stare;
My rocking-horse is standing there;
And, when mounted on him fairly,
I can back him—I can check him,
Or I make him gallop rarely.

See, my foot in stirrup set,
Springing nimbly, up I get,
And horseman-like I seize the bridle:
Up I rein him, down constrain him;
He never wishes to be idle.





MARY had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and yellow;
Slender legs,—upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow.

The sweetest notes he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary,
And often where the cage was hung
She stood to hear canary.

MORNING SONG.



I.



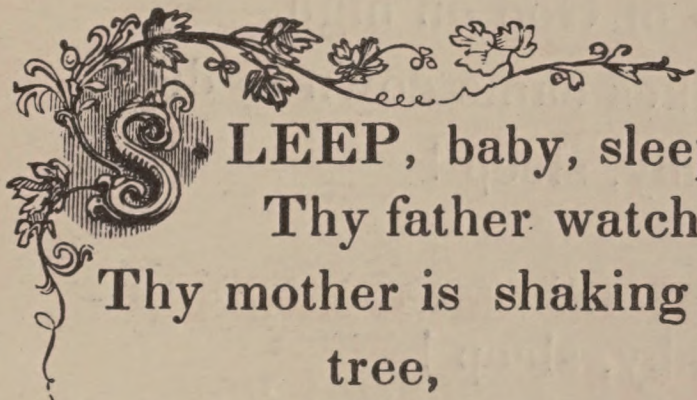
WITH the dawn awaking,
Lord, I sing thy praise ;
Guide me to Thee, making
Me to know thy ways.

II.

All thy precepts keeping
Whole and undefiled,
Waking, Lord, or sleeping,
Let me be thy child.

CRADLE SONG.

I.



LEEP, baby, sleep !

Thy father watches the sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland
tree,

And down falls a little dream on thee ;
Sleep, baby, sleep !

II.

Sleep, baby, sleep !

The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The fair moon is the shepherdess :
Sleep, baby, sleep !

III.

Sleep, baby, sleep !

Our Savior loves his sheep ;
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die.

Sleep, baby, sleep !

IV

Sleep, baby, sleep !

I'll buy for thee a sheep,
With a golden bell so fine to see,
And it shall frisk and play with thee.

Sleep, baby, sleep !

V.

Sleep, baby, sleep !

And cry not like a sheep ;

Else will the sheep-dog worry and whine,
And bark at this naughty child of mine.

Sleep, baby, sleep !

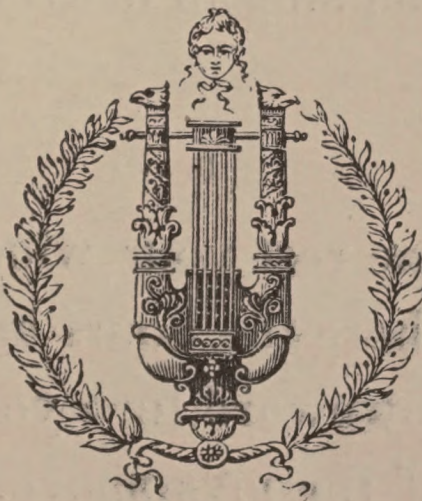
VI.

Sleep, baby, sleep !

Away ! and tend the sheep.

Away, thou black dog, fierce and wild,
And do not wake my little child.

Sleep, baby, sleep !



THE BIRDS AND THE ANGELS.



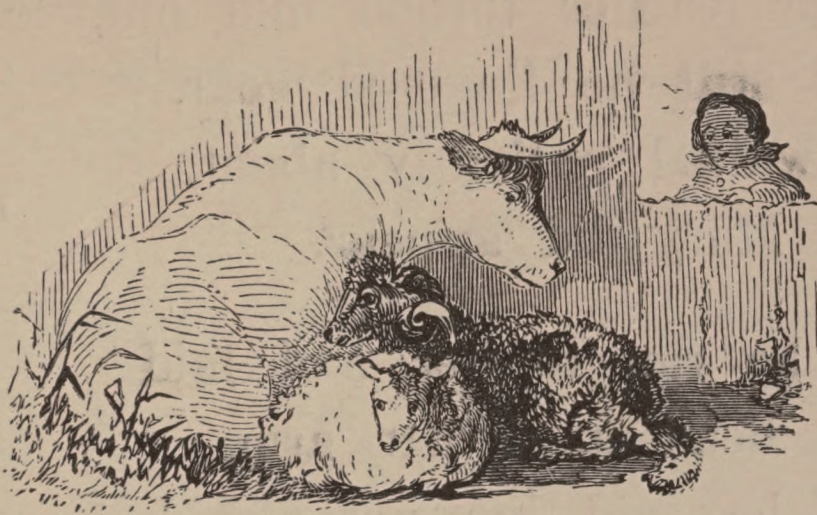
I.



HIGH the feather'd warblers fly,
Singing in the clear blue sky ;
Higher still the angels soar,
And sing in heaven evermore.

II.

Birds, come rest your wings awhile,
With me here the hours beguile :
Angels, downward turn your love,
Tell me of the joys above.



MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

MARY had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow ;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day—
That was against the rule ;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, I'm not afraid,
You'll keep me from all harm.

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your will,
If you are only kind.

SONGS FOR CHILDREN.

THE BROOM AND THE ROD COME FROM THE SAME TREE,
WHAT ARE THEIR USES YOU HERE MAY SEE.



HE broom, boys, the broom, boys,
What do they with it ?
They sweep with it
The room, boys.

II.

The rod, boys, the rod, boys-
What do they with it ?
They flog with it,
Yes, flog boys.

III.

Lads only, not lasses ;
For girls' care, you see,
Boys' industry
Surpasses.

SONG FOR BOYS AT PLAY.



HE rider is riding
Over the ditch ;
If he rides that way,
In he must pitch.
Eyes and nose !
Down he goes.

CHORUS.

A man has fallen in the stream,
Quickly down he sunk ;
The foolish fellow safe had been,
If he had not been drunk.



SULKING.

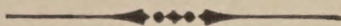
WHY is Sarah standing there,
Leaning down upon a chair,
With such an angry lip and brow?
I wonder what's the matter now.

Come here, my dear, and tell me true;
Is it because I spoke to you

About the work you'd done so slow,
That you are standing fretting so?

Why, then indeed I'm grieved to see
That you can so ill-tempered be.
You make your fault a great deal worse
By being angry and perverse.

Oh, how much better 'twould appear,
To see you shed a humble tear,
And then to hear you meekly say,
"I'll not do so another day."



JOG on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily jump the style, boys;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad one tires in a mile, boys.

THE BUTTERFLY.



I.



ON Butterfly, whose airy form
Flits o'er the garden wall,
Was once a little crawling worm
And could not fly at all.

II.

The little worm was then inclosed
Within a shell-like case,
And there it quietly reposed
Until its change took place.

III.

And now on red and purple wings
It roves as free as air,
Visiting all the lovely things
That make the earth so fair.

IV.

And we—if humbly we behave,
And do the will of God,
And strive to follow to our grave
The paths that saints have trod—

V.

Shall find a change more glorious far
Than that which came to light
When, bursting through its prison bar,
The butterfly took flight.

VI.

Thro' Christ, who reigns above the skies,
To us it will be given
Aloft on angels' wings to rise
And taste the joys of Heaven.

WHEN THE SNAIL IN ITS SHELL KEEPS STILL ITS HEAD
LITTLE BOY, YOU ALSO, MUST GO TO BED

SNAIL, put your horns out quick, I say,
Or I will crack your shell so gay,
Or I will throw you in yon
deep ditch,

Where you may hear the
raven screech ;



Or I will fling you behind the house,
To be nibbled at by a hungry mouse ;
Or I will seek the deepest of bogs,
And leave you to fatten the toads and frogs.
Out with your horns, Snail, quick I say,
Out with your horns, Snail, while you may.

DUMPY DUCKY.



QUACK, quack, quack !
Three white and four black.
Your coat, you saucy fellow,
Shades off to green and yellow :
Do you think I like you best
Because you are prettiest ?

Quack, quack, quack !
What is there that we lack,
You with a pond for swimming,
I with my bucket brimming,—
You with your web-toes neat,
I with my stout bare feet ?

Quack, quack, quack !
Now you may all turn back,



Your home is in the water ;
I am the Dutchman's daughter,
And my plump little sisters cry,
" We want a drink ! " good-by !

LUCY LARCOM.

GOOD BOY.

WHEN little Ned was sent to bed,
He always acted right ;
He kissed mamma and then papa,
And wished them both good-night.

He made no noise, like naughty boys,
But glad I am to say,
Directly went when he was sent,
Undressed, and knelt to pray.



GEORGE AND HIS DOG.

GEORGE had a large and noble dog,
With hair as soft as silk ;
A few black spots upon his back,
The rest as white as milk.

And many a happy hour they had,
In dull or shining weather ;

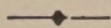
For in the house, or in the fields,
They always were together.

It was rare fun to see them race
Through fields of bright-red clover,
And jump across the running brooks,
George and his good dog, Rover.

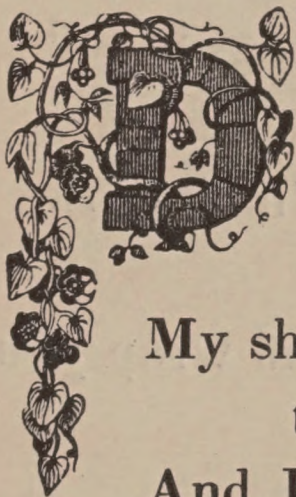
The faithful creature knew full well
When master wish'd to ride;
And he would kneel down in the grass,
While Georgy climb'd his side.

They both were playing in the field,
When all at once they saw
A little squirrel on a stump,
With an acorn in his paw.

THE NEIGHBOR.



I.



DEAR Neighbor, pray lend me
your lantern to-night,
The sky it is dark, and the
stars give no light ;
My shepherd has lost on the moun-
tain a lamb,
And I would fain carry it back to
its dam.

II.

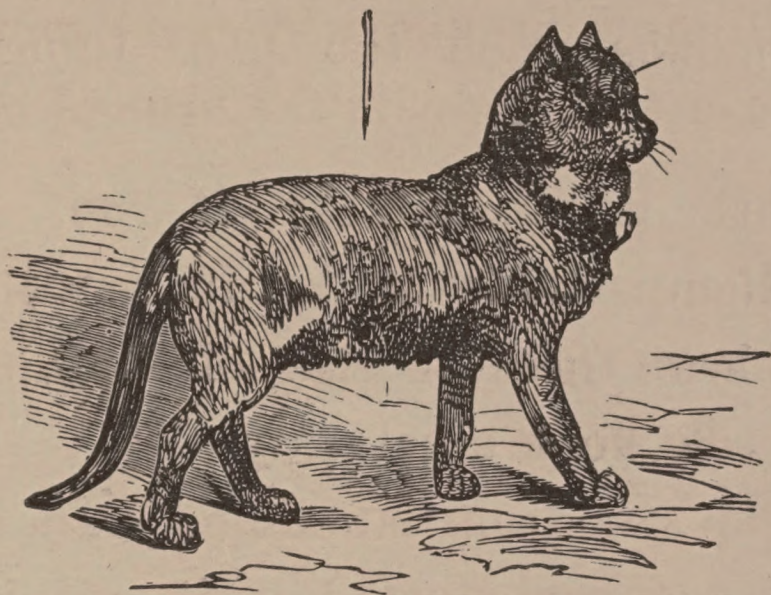
Dear Neighbor, pray lend me your lan-
tern to-night,
If the glasses are dirty, I'll rub them all
bright ;

And if one is broken, why never mind that,
I'll cover the hole with the brim of my hat.

III.

And then in return I to help thee will come,
When you from the ale-house again tod-
dle home ;
I'll keep you from stumbling 'mid dark-
ness and storm,
And bring you home safely, and wrap you
up warm.





KITTY.

LITTLE puss, come here to me,
Gently jump upon my knee;
Let me feel how soft your feet:
Never will I poor Kitty beat.

How very nicely you can draw
Quite out of sight each little claw;

But when a mouse you see below,
You pounce upon the poor thing so.

You lose it oft, and let it run,
And then pursue it, as in fun ;
Oh I have heard papa oft say,
It was a very cruel way.

So, pussy, you must kill it quite,
And not put it in such a fright ;
It is so gentle, and so weak,
It makes me sad to hear it squeak.





GRANDMOTHER'S FARM.

MY grandmother lives on a farm,
Just twenty miles from town ;
She's sixty-five years old, she says,
Her name is Grandma Brown.

Her farm is very large and fine,
There's meadow, wood, and field,
And orchards, which all kinds of fruit
Most plentifully yield.

Butter she churns, and makes nice cheese ;
They are so busy there !
If mother would stay with me too,
I'd like to do my share.
I go out with the hay-makers,
And tumble on the hay ;
They put me up upon the load,
And home we drive away.



THE WATCHMAN.

I.



ALL around is darksome night ;
Thro' the streets till morning
Goes the Watchman—lonely
wight !—

Wind and weather scorning.

Silence ! Hist !

List, boys, list !

II.

“ Hark and mark, young masters mine !

Talking won't avail ye,

Now the clock is striking nine,

Off to bed go gaily :

Till morning bright

Puts out my light,

And makes the stars burn palely.

III

“ But then cheerfully arise
 In the morning early ;
 Briskly wash both ears and eyes,
 That your senses clearly
 May discern
 How to learn,
 And no rod tickle you queerly.

IV.

“ Misses all and masters mina !
 A last good wish I send you—
 Moon and stars all calmly shine,
 Sleep—and God defend you.
 Far and nigh
 May His eye
 Compassionately tend you.”



THE CHATTERBOX.

FROM morning to night 'twas Lucy's
delight
To chatter and talk without stopping ;

There was not a day but she rattled away,
Like water forever a-dropping.

As soon as she rose, while she put on her
clothes,

'Twas vain to endeavor to still her ;
Nor once did she lack to continue her
clack,

Till again she laid down on her pillow.

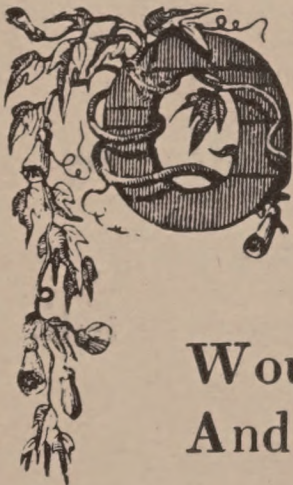
You'll think now, perhaps, there would
have been gaps,

If she hadn't been wonderful clever ;
That her sense was so great, and so witty
her pate,

That it would be forthcoming forever.

[From the German of Friedrich Rückert, by Rev. Dr. Frothingham.]

OF THE LITTLE BOY THAT WISHED TO HAVE SOMEBODY
CARRY HIM EVERYWHERE.



ONLY think ! a little boy one day
Went out in the meadow
grounds to stray ;
But there he grew tired sore,
And said : “ I can no more ·
Would but something come near,
And take me from here ! ”

Now a little brook came flowing on,
And took up the little boy anon ;
As on the brook he sits with joy,
“ I am well off here,” says the little boy.

But what's the matter ? The stream was
cold,

And this full soon to his cost was told.

It began to freeze him sore,

And he said, " I can no more ;

Would but something come near,

And take me from here !'

Then a little ship came sailing on,

And took up the little boy anon ;

As in the ship he sits with joy,

" I am well off here !" says the little boy.

But do you see ? the vessel was small ;

The little boy thinks, ' I shall presently fall.'

He begins to tremble sore ;

And says, " I can no more ,

Would but something come near

And take me from here !"

And now a snail comes creeping on,

And takes up the little boy anon ;

In the snail's round house he sits with joy :
“ I am well off here,” says the little boy.
But think ! the snail is no good steed,
And her steps were very slow indeed ;
 He begins to fidget sore,
 And says “ I can no more ;
 Would but something come near
 And take me from here !”

And behold ! a horseman came galloping on
And took up the little boy anon ;
And behind the rider he sat with joy ;
“ I am well off here,” said the little boy.

But look ! like the wind he scoured along ;
For the little boy it was quite too strong ;
 He was bump'd about, gall'd sore,
 And said, “ I can no more ;
 Would but something come near,
 And take me from here !”

THE SUN.



I.



LET up, dear children, see, the sun
His shining course is just begun.
So like a giant he comes forth
To run his course and light the earth.

II.

Welcome, thrice welcome, lovely day !
Thou chasest darksome night away :
O that our hearts, like thee, were bright
With heaven's own purifying light.



THE ENGLISH GIRL.

SPORTING on the village green
The pretty English girl is seen ;
Or beside her cottage neat,
Knitting on the garden seat.

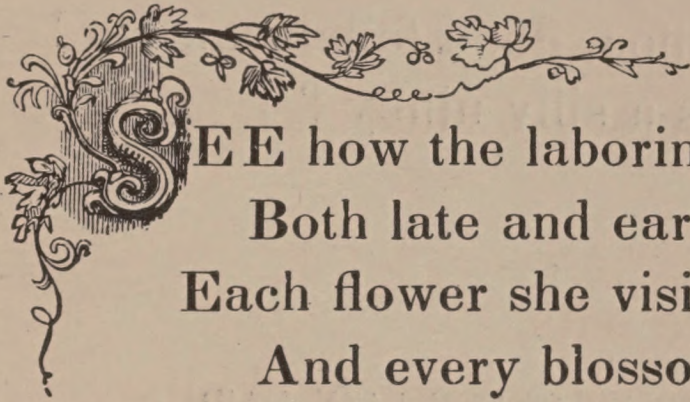
Now within her humble door,
Sweeping clean the kitchen floor,
Where upon the walls so white
Hang her coppers polished bright.

Mary never idle sits,
She either sews, or spins, or knits ;
Hard she labors all the week,
With sparkling eye and rosy cheek.

And on Sunday Mary goes
Neatly dressed in decent clothes,
Says her prayers, a constant rule,
And hastens to the Sunday school.



THE BEE.



SEE how the laboring honey bee
Both late and early flies ;
Each flower she visits carefully,
And every blossom tries.

Busily goes she, far and wide,
And, with industrious care,
Doth in the summer tide
Her winter food prepare.

WHAT I SHOULD NOT LIKE.

I WOULD not, for a thousand pound
To lose my head consent ;
For then I should run round and round,
Not knowing where I went.

The people all who walked about
Would stare, I bet a guinea,
And say, ' Hilloa, good folks look out !
There goes a silly ninny !'

NOW LIST TO WHAT THE LAZY MAID
TO BABY IN THE CRADLE SAID.



AM thinking, night and day,
That mine's a weary place ;
With a fan I drive the flies
From off the baby's face.

II.

While the rest are dancing gay,
I must by the cradle stay,
On its rocking fix my thought ;
Sleep, you little good-for-nought !



THE SLED-RIDE.

DOWN, down the hill, how swift I go
Over the ice and over the snow !
A horse or cart I do not fear,
For past them both my sled I steer.

Hurrah, my boy ! I'm going down,
While you toil up ; but never frown :
The far hilltop you soon will gain,
And then with all your might and main
You'll dash by me ; while, full of glee,
I'll up again, to dash by thee :
So on we glide, oh, life of joy !
What pleasure has the little boy !

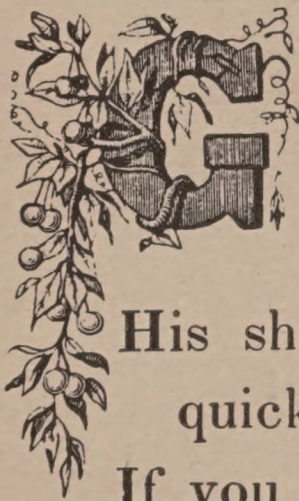


WHY is the horse
In harness now ?
He is waiting for John
To go and plough.

We'll plant the corn,
And wheat, and rye ;
And Sally will make us
The bread by-and-by.

THE OBSTINATE CHICKEN, WHOSE FATE SO GORY,
MAKES THIS A MELANCHOLY STORY.

HEN.



O not down that distant
walk ;
Yonder flies the sav-
age hawk ;
His sharp eyes will
quickly meet you,
If you go, I'm sure he'll eat you.

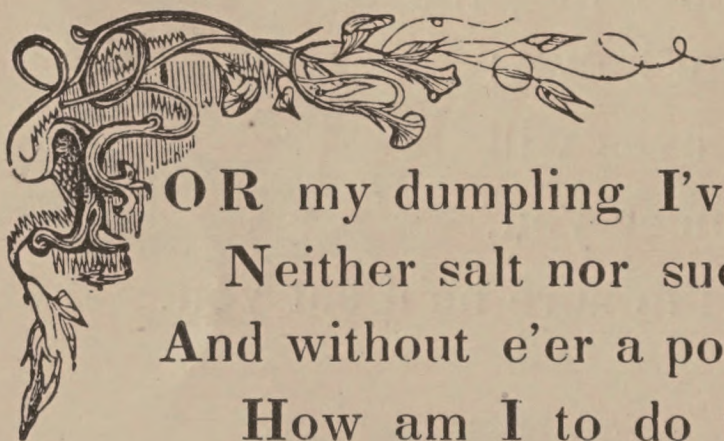


CHICKEN.

Naughty hawk is far away,
I may safely go and play ;
If he come, my legs will bring
Me beneath your sheltering wing.

So it skipt off in a trice,
Scorning mother's good advice ;
And when it thought at home to sup,
Down came hawk and gobbled it up

THE BEWILDERED COOK.



OR my dumpling I've got
Neither salt nor suet ;
And without e'er a pot
How am I to do it ?
To the potter I will go,
Another pot to buy, you know.
While I am running through the town
A little hunchback knocks me down.



THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping ;
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild
raging sea

And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling ;
And she cried, " Dermot, darling, O come
back to me ! "

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her
knee ;

" O blest be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whisper-
ing with thee.

" And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
O, pray to them softly, my baby, with me ! "

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE FAIRIES.



I.



N the summer night,
When the moon shines bright,
And the air is calm and still,
The Fairies wake
By stream and lake,
In valley and on hill.

II.

From the pale blue-bell,
In the forest dell,
From the water-lily's cup ;
And from sweet repose
In the fragrant rose,
The tiny fays spring up.

III.

With mirth and glee,
And minstrelsy,
 Their revels they renew ;
The feast they eat
Is honey sweet,
 And they quaff the glistening dew

IV.

And round and round,
On the mossy ground,
 They dance with might and main,
But at morning's light
They flee from sight,
 And hide in the flowers again.





OUR FATHER.

I.

FROM the angels' dwelling,
High in heaven above,
Comes a whisper, telling
Children God is love.

II.

Graciously he heareth
Night and day their prayer ;
Father-like appeareth
His unceasing care.

III.

He with hand paternal
Gives their daily bread ;
Helps from foes infernal ;
Lifts the drooping head.

IV.

In His Scripture truly
Is this promise set—
Those who serve Him truly,
Ne'er will He forget.

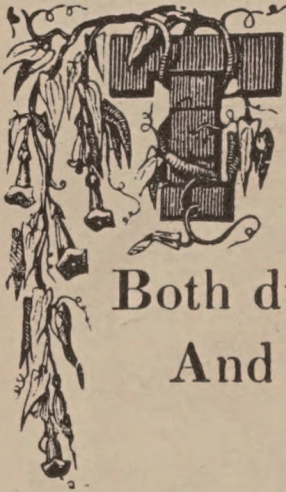


THE BUSY BEE.

HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower.

THE TOYMAN.

I.



HE Toyman comes from Ger-
many,
His shop contains rich stores ;
Both dwarfs and giants there you see,
And Turks, and Jews, and Moors.

II.

And there a prancing steed I 'spy,
Bearing a haughty knight,
Whose castle crowns the rock on high,
With grate and drawbridge bright.

III.

A curious wooden figure begs
A nut to crack beneath ;



THE TOY MAN.

He spreads his arms and sprawls his legs,
And shows his monstrous teeth.

iv.

Seeking his prey, his very glance
Has something savage in it ;
Ho ! nuts from England, Spain and France,
I'll crack you in a minute.

v.

And here a regiment appears
Of lancers and hussars !
And there a file of grenadiers,
With banners from the wars.

vi.

Drums, trumpets, pistols, swords and guns,
With fifes and marching band ;
The boy who to the Toyman runs,
May have them from his hand.

vii.

Rocking and hobby horses stand
 Hard by for boys to ride ;
 And there, for girls, doll's houses grand,
 And furniture beside.

viii.

With jointed dolls, so slim and spruce,
 And sofas, chairs, and settles ;
 And tea-things bright for Dolly's use,
 And tubs, and pails, and kettles.

ix.

And near a sheepfold, all complete,
 With shepherd, dog, and flock,
 A Merry-Andrew stands, whose feet
 Can give his head a knock.

x.

The Toyman makes him scratch his ear,
 And preach a sermon after ;

Whilst he a roguish look doth wear,
As if he'd burst with laughter.

XI.

Seeing such things, the children join
To raise a joyous cry :
But they whose purse is bare of coin
Can no fine playthings buy.

XII

O happy Toyman ! if I had
The wealth that in this place is,
I would not stand and look so sad,
And make such queer grimaces.

XIII

If I had every pretty thing
That you see round you daily,
Like to a merry bird I'd sing,
And snap my fingers gaily.

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